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AN
ELEGY

ON THE
Heroic POEM

Lately Publish'd by the
VICAR of *Chestnut*.

BY
CHAPMANNO-WISKERO.

*Nam quodcunque Semel chartis illevertit, omnes
Gestiet à furno redeunt scire, lacuque,
Et pueros, & anus. Agedum pauca accipe contra.*

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. 4.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and sold by J. MORPHEW near *Stationers-Hall*.
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THE

OF THE

HEROIC POEM

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J. C. A. R. of the

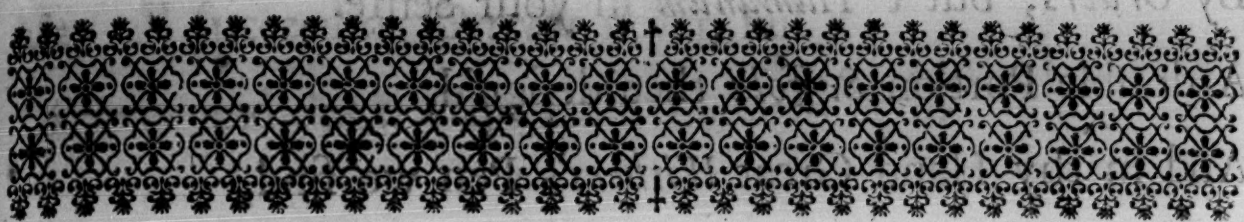
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CHAPMAN & CO. LONDON.

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AN ELEGY, &c.

GOD the first Poet was, and Poets made
 Before this ALL was into Order laid ;
 By Number, Measure, Weight, just Symmetry,
 The Spheres proportion'd, danc'd in Harmony.
 Th' *Angelick Choir* their Great CREATOR met,
 And in sweet Accents *Fiat* did repeat.
 Next, unto Man this Blessing from Above
 Was sent, the chiefest Pledge of Heav'nly Love.
 Adam, our *Orpheus*, charm'd his Beasts around,
 In Verse their Natures sung, and gave them Names in Sound ;
 Prophets their Raptures, and the Poets all,
 From hence, do claim their *bright* Original.
 But thou, dull Bard, this Doctrine dost refel ;
 Thy muddy Lines retain their Earthy Smell.

To *Jus Divinum* you have good Pretence
 By *Orders*, but t' *Humanum* in your Sense.
 A double Port'on *Saffold* thee design'd,
 And in thy Hand Great *Withers's* Pen we find,
 Yet *Bow-Street* Wits will sneer no less than all Mankind.

Once *Chærilus*, as 'tis by *Horace* said,
 Five thousand Verses on young *Sawny* made;
 He who for *Homer* sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,
 Did yet encourage the Poetick Strain.
 " But see how Majesty can strike an Awe?
 " Poor *Cherry* was converted by one Law,
 " Seal'd with the living Breath of Brave *Pella*.
 Brave *Pella's* Son, who thos'd his Sonnets paid,
 The Good with *Philips*, and with *Cuffs* the Bad.
 Alas! he sung of Fights and pillag'd Towns,
 And yet well-box'd, march'd off with but five Crowns.

O! should Great Britain's King with such Reward
 Requite the Bell-rope Musick of his Bard,
 His Flap-blown Cheeks would in fit Consort be,
 To bray with th' other Beasts of *Arcady*.

May honest *Bernard* never want Pretence
 To vend thy Wares, and thou receive his Pence.

May'st thou, O *Dicky*, still his *Chap-man* be,
 And never set his Purse or Presses free !
 May all succeeding *Grocers* never fail
 Of Spice and Sugar Caps from *Lintott's* Stall.

“ What var'ous Poems has thy Wit display'd ?
 “ They're all thy O W N, in spite of Follies made.
 How *Israel's Nabal* would thy Verses greet,
 With * *Naaman's* Hand, and * *Ichbosheth* his Feet ?

Of *Sunday-Lectures*, Muse, forbear report,
 They're only good, because they're always short :
 “ Mirac'lous all, and equal ought to shine,
 In *Grub-street* Ovens, or where *Templers* dine,
 Fast pinnion'd to a dripping fat *Sir-loin*.

Hail, Poet, come from *Cadmus's* distant Shore,
 Thee the *Bæotians* always will adore ;
 From thee the † *furlin'd* Heads expect their Doom ;
 From thee, *White-Fryers* Balladiers, at home.

Dryden of late the *British* Muses rais'd,
 By Criticks often, oft by Players prais'd ;
 Then did *Apollo* his *Parnassus* greet ;
 Green were his Laurels, and his Waters sweet,
 B “ When

* Lame and halting.

† Muscovites.

“ When by reverse of Fate, the God pursu’d
 “ By thee, his Rivers, and his verdant Wood
 “ Grew dry, by quelling the impetuous Flood.

At *Lanter-a-loo*, *Pam* the great Monarch reigns,
 Yet will submit to lie in *Cassock* Chains :
 The *Knave discarded*, thee the Victor owns,
 And pays his *cunning Goaler* with Half-Crowns ;
 Thy Skill in *Cut* and *Shuffle*, far extends,
 And by their Losses, often treats thy Friends.

Welcome, Great *Bard*, as *Christmas* is to Priests,
 Like thee, who hate the Duty, love the Feasts.
 As after reading *Steele* or *Addison*,
 And other Wits, whose *brighter Rays* have shone,
 I’ve often thrown thy Brother *WESLEY* by ;
 So may thy *Hydra rediviva* die.
 May thy dull Ignorance to Hell return ;
 ’Twas Fools that would be wise, who first did burn.

“ How does *Bay Jenny* cock her drooping Head ?
 “ Pensive, unless with Trappings black o’er-spread :
 “ Sanguine, she gurns, when taken from the Rack,
 Now pacing, Master stradling on her Back,
 The Beast has Penny Loaves, he Pints of Sack :

Then

Then ambling forwards, " by the Fates Intent,
 " To seek new Prebendships at Troynovant.

Vicars, like thee, have left their Parish-Air,
 But who would pay the wand'ring Shepherd's Care?
 May the * *Sabeen* Shrub from henceforth cease,
 Unless 'tis offer'd up by Men of Peace:
 Nor *Eli's* Sons on Altars Incense burn,
 Who only to the *East* for Lucre turn.
 May *Aconite*, and the † *Athenian* Weed,
 Be strong prepar'd for those who Schism breed,
 By a loose Life, or by a looser Creed.
 May *Residence* and *Easter-Books* agree,
 And banish *Helicon* from *Calvary*.

'Tis true, Saint *Paul* a Poet quotes; for what?
 Slow lazy *Beasts* strive always to be fat:
 As *Æsop* represents the *Ass* in Fable,
 Fools will be ever nibbling at a *Cable*.

No Scales in *Button's* Shop can poise a Grain
 Against the weighty *Scruples* of thy Brain.
 We fear no *Frankfort* Sales of *German* Wit,
 Thou hast the sole Monopoly of it.

France

* Frankincense.

† Hemlock.

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France nor *Lorrain* we dread, nor sep'rate Leagues;
Unless thy *Bog-turf* Head combines with Teagues.

'Tis said, the God of Verse once built a Town;
By thee *Mardyke* and *Dunkirk* tumble down.
Thou would'st with *Fire* have *blaz'd* our Royal *GEORGE*,
But only scrap'dst some *Soot* from *Vulcan's* Forge,
And then on Anvil cold, did'st hammer out
The dark Impresses of a *Collin-Clout*.

Thus may we oft in anc'ent *Medals* find,
For *Triumphs*, or for *Cæsar's* Heads design'd,
Struck by unskilful Artists, only faint
And rude Resemblances of what they meant.

O may thy fable Banners still advance,
Thro' all the gloomy Realms of Ignorance.
In rotten Egg-shells may thy Verses *flow*,
Whilst the Bean-belly'd Gods from Posterns blow,
To sail them o'er the Hills, and far away,
From *British* Soil, to native *Barbary*.

“ What *Glowings* did our eager Breasts inspire,
When first thou twang'st with polish'd Thumbs thy *Lyre*?
But Fame to living Poets lasts not long;
The silent Harp is on the Willows hung.

As Children *Apes* admire, when painted fine
 On Canvass bright, depending from a Sign ;
 They with impat'ent Hopes await to see
 Those merry Gentlemen of *Barbary* :
 But e'er they can their antick Tricks display,
 The screaming Monkeys fright the Boys away.

“ Revenge ! Revenge ! Oh ! view the angry God,
 “ And *Muses* ent'ring with a *Birchen Rod* !
 His Buttocks large, sure need no Discipline,
 A Theme too mighty for the *flogging Nine*.
 Spare, *Pæan*, spare ! but *Pæan* rais'd the Birch ;
 Dost thou, quoth he, love chiming in the Church ?
 “ Go ring the Bells ; the Sexton thy *Vice-Roy*,
 “ (Whose sublime Parts the *Pulpit* shall employ)
 Let him be *Vicar* ; thou to *spelling* go,
 And learn thy Parish-Children Christ-crofs Row.

Clio, at this, b'ing full of tender Love,
 Forbear, quoth she, and I'll his Wit improve,
 That he shall strip thy *Daphne* bare, and scarce
 Leave her a *Laurel-Leaf* to wipe her A----e.
Dicky shall new-fledg'd *Owls* to *Athens* bring,
 And eke the Fame of *London*'s *Prentice* sing.
Dicky shall tell us in sweet Roundelay,
 How *George* of *England* did the *Dragon* slay :

How *Sabra* fair was to a Castle led,
 And how the *Knight* cut off the *Giant's* Head,
 They with impatient Hopes wait to see
 Those, mood, and length the God pronounc'd his *Doom*,
 But ever they can *amov* to *stay* at *Home*.
 To write no more, and always *stay* at *Home*.

“ Revenge! Revenge! *I N I F*
 And Master coming with a *hundred* Rod!
 His *Barrocks* large, but need no *Discipline*,
 A *Throne* too mighty for the *hanging* *Wine*.



Do thou, quoth he, love chiming in the Church?
 “ Go ring the Bells; the Sexton thy *Nice-Roy*,
 “ (*Whole* *sublime* *Part* *it* *shall* *employ*)
 Let him be *Nice*,
 And learn thy *Row*.



“ O, at this *time* *the* *lover*
 Forbear, quoth she, and *Wit* *improve*,
 That he shall strip thy *Dapple* bare, and scarce
 Leave her a *lambel*-leaf to wipe her *A---e*.



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 How